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WIVES AND WIVES.

The chartered libertine, in a certain work of fiction, who declared that he ought to have 40 wives, one for each of his varying moods, may have flown straight in the face of all the proprieties, but did not speak without a grain of redeeming sense. Most husbands, it will perhaps be said, find one wife sufficient; and, at any rate, society has come round to this opinion, after a fairly long experience of the different ways in which great matrimonial problems may be solved. But, if the one thing needful were to settle the affairs of humanity in such a manner as to insure that there should be the greatest possible harmony in the greatest possible number of domestic situations, then doubtless a distinct wife or each distinct mood would appear to be necessary. Of course from the wife's point of view the deficiency lies all the other way; and, mood for mood, she probably has the best of the argument. But as this is a discussion which cannot well be carried beyond the stage of theory, it is sufficient to say that the perfect agreement of husband and wife depends very much upon the strength and variety of their moods. The Dunmow flitch was certainly never given to a couple of whom either possessed a marked individuality of character. An equable temperament on both sides was essential to success; a momentary flash of spirit would have been fatal. Complete accord can only exist in the absence of everything which might produce discord—that is to say, in the absence of wit, and principle, and fixed opinion. The vast majority of men and women are subject to as many moods as the weather has changes; and, on the whole, it has been found that this constant shifting of the social weathercock is quite compatible with an excellent agreement between husband and wife, who can, if they will, show at the end of their lives a fair-weather record for every day of their voyage, however the wind may have chopped and veered. Indeed, there are plenty of persons to be found of either sex who are so infatuated as to consider that a little disagreement now and then is the salt of married life, affording contrasts which, like the variations of music and color, prevent a dull monotony.

At all events, we may take it for granted that, as we cannot live in England after the fashion of Turks and heathen, nor console ourselves with spiritual wives like those which were so graphically described by the late Hepworth Dixon, and as the Dunmow standard is so difficult of attainment, the least thing that a married man can do is to regard his own particular matrimonial marriage. This belief, like almost every other, will presently tend to justify itself, and, even as it does not effect much good, will certainly do him no harm. There is only one equally sound piece of counsel which experience can recommend to youth; and that is to consider well beforehand what kind of a partner is most likely to encourage this pious belief. The advice is doubtless at least as old as the flood, and it has been more frequently desposed than acted upon; but it is none the less good on that account. For, if our moods are variable, our wives vary still more; and it is worth a man's while to ask himself whether he cannot, by a little forethought, secure the one woman, or kind of woman, whose qualities hold out to him the greatest promise of future happiness. Does he want, for instance, the wife who will be always waiting upon him, or the wife who will expect that he shall be always waiting upon him?

These two types are perhaps, more distant than any other, and it is not very hard to tell of a young woman at a marriageable age, to which of the two she belongs. It may concern the whole life and comfort of a man that he should ask and answer this question while he is free to turn the knowledge to account. In no respect is a wife more likely to have her own way than in respect of her disposition to want or to be waited upon. The restless, nervous, active woman who takes her husband for lord and master, from the altar to the grave, will set about her work with so much superabundant energy that it is impossible to prevent her from making herself a slave; and her husband whether he likes it or not, is doomed to assume the character of a grand pasha, and often to incur, without deserving it, the reputation of a selfish man. But the lazy, lymphatic, comfort-loving woman, whose nature and training have predisposed her to look for a thousand small attentions, will just as certainly get what she needs from any amiable man who has selected her as his companion. Many a masculine soul of average dignity and independence has been converted by his love for such a wife—and they are mostly lovable women, however self-indulget—into the creature whom his friends are wont to dub a betty and a mollycoddle, even while they secretly envy him his domestic felicity. It is clear that a marrying man should walk into either of these predicaments with his eyes well open; for there is no place of repentance on the other side of the honeymoon.

Rhine stones are now set in tortoiseshell hairpins, and make lovely ornaments for the back hair.

KEEP OUT OF DEBT.

"Keep out of debt," says a popular writer. This should be taken especially by the young men. One of the most fatal steps a young man can make is to contract a debt. It mortgages his future. It means in nearly every case that he is living beyond his means. Debt is what ruin so many of our business men. They begin with small accounts and as their business increases they increase their accounts and finally their habits of living have become so expensive, that the debts begin far to exceed the returns of business. The result is failure, disappointment and disgrace. A young man starts out in life. He is quick, apt and successful. He gains the confidence of employers and acquaintances. He is honest and upright, and merchants had rather have a bill against him than not. He is flattered by the confidence that is reposed in him. He buys fine things, goes in good society and from a frugal mood of living he gradually branches out into an expensive style. At first his debts were small and he found no trouble in meeting them. But they have now become a burden, and to straighten things out necessitates a vigorous struggle. Self-denial comes harder than it once did, and the debt becomes a matter of worry that will not be quieted. If sickness comes, instead of having a fund to draw on their is a deficiency that each day's illness makes larger and more difficult to wipe out. Things have changed since long ago. Then it was customary for a young man to practice self-denial in his youth, to work hard, gain competency and enjoy leisure in the years beyond the line that divides youth and old age. Now it seems that the young men work on a different principle—his aim is to enjoy the sweets of life at once and save the labor and self denial for a future day. There is enough of pleasure—healthy, joyous pleasure—that comes with legitimate and successful work, so that young people can afford to live slower for a few years that they may be better able to enjoy the years that follow.

Thrift is a stranger to these times. The tendency is in the opposite direction Debt-contracting is the rule, not the exception. Nothing should be more carefully avoided by young people. Debt is a great curse. It brings no comfort. On the other hand it is accompanied by worry and anxiety. The young man who keeps out of debt and secures a debt on the other side of the ledger, not only forms correct habits but he gains a satisfied peace of mind that cannot be secured in any other way, and he stands armed and ready for an emergency when it comes.

A TRAMP'S TOUGH STORY.

"I remember a wonderful case as came under my personal observation when I wuz 'travellin' in East Tennyssee. I struck one of them little mountain towns one time when they wuz holding county court. Every man had a bottle of moonshine, and they wuz all feelin' mighty happy. Finally they got a leetle bit too hilarious, and a fight sprung up betwixt a great big duffer and leetle bit of a wiry feller. The big duffer could 'a eat the leetle feller up, clothes and all, but the first thing he done was to pull one of these old pot-metal knives and jab the blade into the leetle feller's neck. It went in right alongside the jugular, and then it bent kinder around under it. When the big feller went to pull it out he ripped the leetle feller,s jugular right square into, and you oughter seed the blood fly. It squirted about twenty-five feet. As the leetle feller dropped everybody in the crowd cried: 'Oh, he's a goner; his jugular vein is cut,' and they expected to see him croak inside of three seconds, but there was one of them mountain doctors there, and to look at him you'd think he didn't know a jugular vein from a trombone. 'Stand back,' said he; 'give me a chance at him,' and he elbowed his way through the crowd where the leetle feller lay breathin' his last. He pulled out of his pocket somethin' as looked like a crooked darnin' needle, and then he fished around in the wound until he caught hold of both ends of the jugular veins and pulled 'em out. Then he tied the ends tight with a thread to keep the blood from spirtin' out until an old feller in the crowd whittled down an old pipe-stem to make it fit in the jugular. When it was shaved down small enough the old doctor inserted the pipe-stem and tied the ends of the veins tight around it. In less than two minutes that leetle feller was on his feet and lookin' around for the feller that cut him."

"You don't mean to say he recovered?"

"Course he did, and you'll find the case recorded in the medical works. Only case of the kind ever heard of in America."

"And the pip-stem never bothered him?"

"No; only it made him sick at the stomach at first. The stem was a good deal stronger than the kind he had been used to handlin', and it made him a little bit dizzy tor a few days."

It is said that a lady of seventy-two years of age, living near Snow Spring, Dooly county, Georgia, is the best farmer in that neighborhood. She has been a widow for thirty-five years, and has managed her business successfully.

THE INSIDE OF TWO HOMES.

It has been said that to know the character of its inmates you have only to look at the furniture and other internal arrangements of a house. This is not always true, for we all know beauty-lovers who live in barest and most prosaic of dwellings, but it is a fact that most homes have an individuality of their own which is or ought to be their chief charm.

Glad to have once more a home of their own, the inmates of the little house did not spend much of thought or time on how it should be furnished; but as soon as the plaster was dry gathered together their possessions and moved into it. Most of these possessions had been purchased in richer—not better—days, and were therefore good, solid articles, but now showed the marks of many "moving days," and were decidedly dingy. The carpets were larger than were needed, and after being ripped and thoroughly cleaned, were remade and looked almost like new.

The long, bare windows caused Hope to look dismayed, for the old shades were all too short. But a few yards of pretty, cheap muslin was bought, and deft fingers soon draped them. Still their remained the bare, unpapered walls and primed woodwork, which were eye-sores indeed. After the pictures were hung pressed ferns and maple-leaves of gorgeous colors were arranged upon them, and thus relieved of some of their ugliness. The woodwork had to be endured one winter, though ivy wreathed the arch between the parlor and sitting-room, and did what it could in hiding some of it. The old furniture was well polished—there is nothing like friction, otherwise called elbow grease, for beautifying hard wood; it is the best polish—and the big easy-chairs, if they were a little faded, gave a comfortable and inviting look, which, with the open piano, pretty tidies, table-covers, books everywhere, and plenty of bric-a-brac, brightened and made the rooms look like living-rooms, but the crowning glory was the bay window, with its trailing vines and blooming plants; this it was that caused all visitors to say, "How pretty! what a pleasant house you have! Ten years have not changed it very much—few are the articles added, one or two carpets, a little uphostering, a few more books, more and rarer plants in the windows, and a little paint and paper on the woodwork and walls. It is still a little, plain, open-faced house, taking in all the sunshine of the short winter day, and giving out its fire and lamp-light by night to all those who are abroad. To its inmates it is a heaven of rest, "the dearest spot on earth."

Great wagon loads of new things were being carried to the new house opposite—while Hope was making the most of her old ones—and soon it is adorned with gay brussels carpet and suits of parlor and chamber furniture. Pictures are hung on its walls and filmy lace and damask at its window. Each of the rooms in the main building are fitted up complete by a city dealer, and are fine indeed. The dining rooms, kitchen and back chambers are reserved receptacles for the *old* house belongings so you step from the Brussels to the rag carpet from the rep and brocatel to the splint-bottomed chair and Boston rocker, which though comfortable, looks somewhat out of place in the high walled stucco corniced rooms. Ten years have not changed this house much. The grand parlors and guest's chambers look just as they did, for nothing wears or fades out unless light touches or use dims it, and neither sunlight or people have been allowed to tarnish ought here. The blinds are never opened except on the rare occasion of a tea drinking, sociable, wedding, or funeral. Then its owners and the neighbors view it in its glory, and the latter envy and congratulate the former. No flower ever blooms in its bay window; a bead basket filled with paper abominations called flowers hung there; no sunlight is required to reveal its ugliness. The back rooms are a little more shabby for they are occupied; a few modern things have been added as the old wore out. Here Mr. S., sits in his shirt-sleeves and smoking his evening pipe placidly, content in knowing that he owns the finest house in town. Mrs. S., is not quite so well saisfied; sometimes she thinks it would be nice to use her fine rooms, but habit and the fear that flies, dust, and sunshine will injure them, deters her; and so she will go on to the end of her life wondering in the meantime why her children are so anxious to leave such a fine home.—[Rural New Yorker.

BOSTON CULTURE.

A friend of mine at the Foreign Fair the other day essayed to ask a Chinaman a question regarding something in the Chinese department. He replied in French that he did not speak English. My friend at once commenced to converse with him in French, and, during a somewhat extended conversation, noticed a lady listening to every word, and the uncomforable thought that this tranger might be criticising her French same into her mind. This thought did cot recur to her to trouble her when the lady later approached her and politely asked, "Will you please tell me where you learned to speak Chinese?"

A STRAIGHT GRAVEYARD.

Most of the ancient cities in Mexico have only one small campo santo—a veritable "God's acre" in point of size—wherein the dead of several hundred years have been disposed of. That is the secret of the quick lime. I have looked down into many freshly dug graves, and all presented the same appearance—the sides a perfect sandwich of layers upon layers of crumbling bones and bits of coffins which the spade had cut through, looking like huge slices of chicken salad or old-fashioned "marble" cake! It is doubtful whether the scriptures can be fulfilled here as to the gathering together of bones on the resurrection morning. But these good Catholics do not believe in that. They think the body is of no more value after the soul has been safely prayed through purgatory, and no sense of sacredness attaches to the clay casket after the jewel is gone. When the time has expired for which the grave was rented, the occupant is unceremoniously evicted to make room for a new tenant. If the time has been long enough and the lime active, there is little left to shovel out: but the three months allotted to the vast majority in which to decay is insufficient in obstinate cases, and bones are sometimes unearthed not yet quite bare of flesh, and skulls with capillary adornments still clinging to them. In walking through the campos santos one comes upon ribs, marrow-bones, sections of the vertebræ, bits of shrouds and broken coffins at every step.

But this is by no means the worst of it. In the rear of each graveyard is a smaller inclosure, which one with nerves had better not visit. The first glimpse is enough to make the strongest man forego his dinner; but one gets used to all manner of things in time, you know, and generally ends as I did—by poking over these bones with his umbrella to find a nice white skull for an ink-bottle! The bones are carried to this charnel house and left in heaps until the annual cremation comes around, when they are burned and left for the winds to scatter.

Golgotha must have been an Eden to this place. Every step reveals a new horror. Here are scores of well preserved coffins, still half full of the lime, which failed to complete its works, mixed with grave cloths in which the bodies have rotted, their gay colors scarcely faded! Scattered all about are babies' tiny shoes; leather enough in half decayed boots and shoes to start a shoemaking establishment; women's combs and paraphernalia; skulls of all sizes, and piles of bones in the corners of the walls higher than a man's head. Here is a skull matted with gray hair; another with a long black tress attached, which doubtles loving hands caressed in other days; and another smaller one—white and shining like ivory—evidently that of a child. Sometimes the stench is intolerable, enough to give the cholera in any other atmosphere; and we American's retire from the spot, firm in the determination not to die in Mexico, whatever else we may do.—[Letter from Mexico.

MISTAKEN FOR A BARBER.

A gentleman who read our account of old-time prices in Boston, in last week's *Bulletin* and of the fashionable barber's shop that used to be located under the Tremont House, about half a century ago, relates an amusing incident that actually occurred there when quite a number of distinguished individuals happened to be present the morning after the completion of Bunker Hill Monument in 1884. Daniel Webster was in one barber's chair with his face thickly covered with lather; honest John Davis, member of Congress and afterward Senator, sat in another, and Caleb Cushing in a third, while among those waiting were John Granger, George Lunt, James Gordon Bennett of New York, and S. S. Prentiss of Mississippi, the latter being engaged in watching the Hon. Hugh Legare, of South Carolina, who was pacing about the room impatient for his turn to take the barber's chair. Just then entered a good, honest farmer from the rural districts who inquired if he could get shaved.

"I presume so when your turn comes," said Legare, to whom he had addressed himself.

"Wall, Mister," said the man, picking up a wisp broom, and handing it to Legare, "while I'm waiting you just brush the dust off my coat," and he presented his broad shoulders towards the astonished Southerner, while a shout of laughter went up from the rest who were present and it was explained to the new comer that the party addressed was not the barber.

"Thunder!" said the countryman, "no offense, gentlemen, I hope; my wife says I'm always makin' mistakes. I took him (pointing to Legare) for the head barber from his standin' round here so important. I didn't know he was nothin' but a man waitin' to get shaved.

This last was too much even for Webster; he blurted out in a laugh that sent the lather flying all over the barber who was standing over him, while Prentiss, who always enjoyed a good joke, made the place ring with his cachinations.

Legare had the good sense to join in the laugh, and to quietly take a seat to avoid any similar mistakes of other customers who might come in.—[Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Jet belts and belts of jet mingled with silver and steel beads are in favor.

Figured materials should only form parts of a toilet.